

The Cee-Ay

Of, By and For the Students of Columbia Academy

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No. 5

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

The evil that exists in the world today is growing by leaps and bounds. Several attempts have been made at reform, but in vain. The great demon still rages on in unchecked fury. He attacks the pure and innocent to drag them down to his dungeon of crime and make them forever helpless slaves of sin.

The reason that the so called reformers have failed is due to one great cause. This cause so generally ignored is the lack of religion in the world today. The poor, dying world is sinking deeper and deeper into the great sea of sin. Few realize that religion is the only element that can throw the life-line.

The lack of religion is very outstanding in many places, both political and social. What is it that has caused the dollar to predominate and justice to be a relic of the past. The cause of this unwholesome condition is the failure of educational institutions to teach religion. Religion is taught to only that small group who are fortunate enough to attend denominational schools, and the benefit of such religious training is beyond all possible consideration.

How can we expect the people of today, to live upright lives? The uninstructed simply do not know how to live. They ought not to be too severely condemned for this because they never have been taught the principles of religion. The school of today aims to develop the mind and the body, but neglects to consider the development of the soul the most important of all. Let us bear in mind the words of the Bible, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

A few public schools have introduced a class for religious study. But is this going to help? It is true that some good will result, but very little. The value of religious training does not lie in the study for a few periods each week but rather does it consist in a religious atmosphere that permeates the daily life of students in such schools as Columbia College.

Therefore, students let us pause to consider the great advantages we have over our fellow students in other schools. The fruition of such training however does not lie in the institution alone.

The college can furnish the means that tend to develop the man, but mere enrollment in such a school is not going to make us into perfect men, automatically. There must be perfect harmony and co operation

IOWA, BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Hail to Iowa, Beautiful Land!
Whose fair terrain by God was planned!

Grocery of the Middle West.
Its corn crop stands above the rest,
Symbol of the robust pig,
Worth more than all the gold they dig.

Rich in history and legends old,
Of Pere Marquette and our Julien bold,
Beautiful vales and hillocks steep,
Sparkling lakes and rivers deep.

You, the land of the golden corn,
You, the land of the plenteous horn.
You are the land by which I stand.
Oh, Iowa, Iowa Beautiful land.

—James Barrett, '24.

—John Farnan, '24.

A SPRING EVENING.

Beyond the chapel and o'er the tower
And thru the tall, green trees;
Under the moon and even star
The south wind sends its breeze.

The sun has set with many a hue;
The moon moves toward the west;
Classes have ceased; night prayers
ensue;
Peace reigns and all things rest.

I dream again as the night moves on
Of home and mother and friends;
I dwell in fancy, on God's sweet
home

Where springtime never ends.

—Ralph Grage, '22.

DEATH.

'Tis the future of a mother
As she kneels by her darlings' side
With the thought of not another
That could replace her pride.

He was on the morn of manhood,
When the great Mother said: "Son
This day with me you will enter
Into the happiness the just have
won."

As the shadow of death creeps o'er
him
He gasps for life once more.
But now with childlike meekness
He leaves this earthly door.

'Twas hard for his aged mother
To see him lying there
But time will bring her to him
Where things are just and fair.

—K. Coleman, '23.

on our part. Remember you may
"lead a horse to water but you can-
not make him drink."

—Albert E. Boyer, '23.

HEALTH.

There are many who do not extend their appreciation to the full value of the word health. It is regarded by some as a secondary matter in the school. Allow me to inform you, dear readers, that it was never planned that the development of your body should be looked upon as of trivial moment.

There can be nothing so important as health. Certainly a man cannot be happy without a sound body, and now that we are at school and are in a position to build up our bodies let us do all in our power to make men of ourselves, not only spiritually but also physically.

Track will help us! What better form of exercise could we wish. A man can develop each and every muscle in his body by sprinting and jumping.

In the dashes, for instance, he must necessarily have strong legs, to show any speed. In the mile and long distance runs he must likewise have a good wind and steady stride to run a commendable race. The high jump makes a good developer as you must use all the energy you have to clear the bar over five. In the pole-vault you become accurate. In the shot-put, discus, javelin and other weight events you can make the biceps grow to the fourteen-inch mark, so greatly desired by high school students.

While looking through a new biology I came across a peculiar biped known as the "cake-eater". Now this form of man (monkey if you wish) certainly is not deserving of human respect. He is looked down upon by those men with the fourteen inch biceps I was telling you about. But, my dear readers, let me say a word in defense of this capricious imposter. He did not take the advice of the others when he was at school and left his body struggle in the four winds. As far as track meets were concerned he would either lead the singing of a group of playmates, sometimes known as flappers or would call the school from the tea dansant and inquire how the meet came out. Now is this what you want to become? One who is eternally dancing and passing his plate for more cake. Well, take heed fellow-gladiators and go out for athletics. Chance or no nce, go out! Next year you will have a chance and will also have had experience. Let no one lag behind in our efforts to make Columbia's first academy track team a success.

—Tom Brennan, '23.

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Editorial

THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

Thursday, April 6th, marked the fifth anniversary of the entrance of our own United States into the great World War—into the grim and terrible war for democracy and human rights which was then ravaging the nations of the earth.

The famous War Congress had opened on April 2nd. It was indeed, an extraordinary session, for as President Wilson said then: "There are serious, very serious, choices of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it is neither right nor permissible that I myself should assume the responsibility of making." Consequently that great body of statesmen convened to decide for war or for peace. Before them were laid the various arguments pro and con.

In their hearts they hesitated, but duty came first. Theirs was the task to "Make the world safe for democracy," to plant its peace on the tested foundation of political liberty, seeking not for selfish ends, for conquest, nor for dominion. And no one dare say that each and every one of them did not realize the drastic step he had taken by signing, on April 6, 1917, the Declaration of War between the United States and the Imperial German government. All knew that such action would lead us, a great and peace loving nation, into the most destructive and terrible of all wars. Space does not permit us to dwell on the history of the struggle.

However, on November 11th, 1918, the anxious entreaties of the Pontiff of Peace seemed to envelope the belligerent nations, and hostil-

THE TREASON AGAINST AMERICAN HISTORY.

By John Plamondon, '22.

For the last year or two there has been a great deal of pro-British propaganda spread over the United States, and some prominent Americans, notably Admiral Sims, have openly given their approval of it by work and act.

But even more dangerous to our national safety is the treacherous campaign to plant in the minds of American school children such a feeling of good will and reverence toward England that some time they will consent without hesitation to have this great country of ours, with all its glorious traditions and high hopes for the future, become again a mere colony of the British Empire.

Seven history textbooks have recently been newly written or revised in this spirit of British-American hyphenation, and they are already in wide use in the public schools of many states. From the uniformity of the distortions or omissions of many of the important incidents and heroes of the Revolution and the war of 1812, it can easily be seen that there must be common direction back of these revisions. In other words these new histories are written as part of a conspiracy to re-unite the United States to Great Britain. In fact a scheme for such a union between the two countries is found in the will of Cecil Rhodes, who directed that a Secret Society should be endowed with the following objects: "The extension of British rule throughout the world; the colonization by British subjects of all lands where the means of livelihood are attainable by energy, labor and enterprise, and especially the occupation by British settlers of the entire continent of Africa, the Holy Land, the valley of the Euphrates, the islands of Cyprus and Caudia, the whole of South America, the islands of the Pacific not heretofore possessed by Great Britain, the whole of the Malay Archipelago, the seaboard of China and Japan, the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire"—Cecil Rhodes, by Basil Williams, H. Holt & Co.—Pages 50-51.

The following is the famous prophecy made by Andrew Carnegie:

"Time may dispel many pleasing illusions and destroy many noble dreams, but it shall never shake my belief that the wound caused by the
(Continued on Page Four.)

ities ceased at 11 o'clock with the signing of the armistice. Now that the war is over, it seems even more grim and ghastly. Let us hope that we shall never again have a recurrence of such a tragedy, but instead "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will."

—M. J. M.

THE FISH POND

PHYSICAL TORTURE BLUES.

I've got the blues, I've got the blues,
I've got the physical torture blues.
They drill 'em 'till they're sore
blues—

The one, two, three and four blues.

"You will love to exercise!"

Why do people tell such lies?

Oh my sterno-cleido-mastoid,

My poor serotus magnus

My numb scalemus anticus.

My supenator longus

That us'to be so strongus

Is now a poor and feeble wreck.

Ouch! my stomach! Oh! my neck!

Five, six, sseven, eight

Whatta' life! What a fate!

One, two, one, two—

Ouch! Oh! Gosh! Oooh!

I've got the blues, the black 'en
blues.

The physical-dizzical blues,

The soak 'em 'till they're raw blues,

Poke 'em in the craw blues,

The aching anatomical,

Painful gastronomical,

The pectoralis major blues,

Black and Blues.

"Abe" Kildee, '23.

Larry: Did you ever have an accident.

Lawrence: No, di'ju?

Larry: Not in all your life?

Law.: Well, a snake bit me once.

Larry: Wasn't that an accident?

Law.: No, he did it on purpose.

Say, Bill were you in the Navy?

"Ah, g'wan-ying."

Lou: Do you know my friend Fat McPartland?

John: Yah, slept with him.

Lou: Room mates?

John: No, classmates.

SPRING.

Spring is the season of beauty;
The meadows and woodlands are
green.

Birds sing their melodies all the
day long

With echoes arising between.

Spring is the season of longing
When dreaming will come without
end.

To us it brings mem'ries of dear,
distant homes,
Of father and mother and friend.

Spring is the season of loving
That touches all things God has
formed;

It kindles our hearts with the joys
of our youth

That the breach of His Goodness
has warmed.

—Clarence Breitbach, '22.

ATHLETICS

The Academy lost in a scrimmage game to a team composed of men from the Satellites and Thorns Thursday evening. The Thorns used their Cedar Rapids battery composed of John Cacek on the mound and Ed McPartland back of the rubber. Academy battery—Bertsch and Martin.

The Academy officially opened their season Saturday when they took the Dubuque Dodgers into camp on Clark Field to the tune of 8 to 0. A cold drizzle brought the game to a close at the end of the fifth frame. Old Jupiter Pluvius saved the scorekeeper a lot of work by his timely intervention. Hutchinson and Lassance carried off the swatting honors for the Academy. O'Connor lined out a two-bagger. We sure like to see Red round the bags—he does it so 'peacefully, no kiddin'. Bertsch and Nevins carried the brunt of the pitching, while Lassance starred at the receiving end.

There is some controversy as to whether or not last Sunday's Thorn-Satellite game is to be taken as the official opening of their five game series. However, it was a good game. Gallogly tossed for the Thorns with thirteen strike-outs to his credit, allowing only two hits. McAleer ably assisted him behind the bat.

McGarvey graced the mound for the Satellites while Less wore the big mitt. "Mac" walked six men and had three strike-outs to his credit.

Veitch's work at shortstop and Lake's fielding were the out-standing features of the game. Final score—Thorns 4, Satellites 3.

—"K. C." Coleman, '23.

"Strike three, you're out," echoed across Clark Field every day this week. (When it wasn't raining). Thursday evening saw two Juvenile teams, the Miners and the Bolsheviks, clash. Faber (Luke) was tossing to Barret for the Bolsheviks, while Homan and Nelson were the worriers for the Miners. Score—Miners 4, Bolsheviks 1.

Friday evening all Columbia's baseball talent was brilliantly displayed in a practice game between our Academy and Varsity teams. Both teams looked fast and classy for such an early date. McCauley's heaving was dangerous to say the least for our Academy boys, and the Varsity Southpaw should have a successful season. By the way, our own Academy southpaws, Forkenbrock and Bertch both hurl wicked spheres.

"Cy" Murray's circuit clout, which nearly broke a window in the infirmary was a feature of the game. Let's hope that he will repeat real often during the season. Always

room for improvement, but the boys showed up wonderfully well for this early date.

"Duckie" Dawson, '23.

OUR ATHLETIC HALL OF FAME. JOHN W. CRETZMEYER, '09.

The Cee-Ay has the honor of being the first one to give a complete record of our coach and former student, John W. Cretzmeyer. Mr. Cretzmeyer enrolled as a student of the third academic class in the fall of 1905. The following year he went out for baseball and because of his hitting capacity was regarded as one of the most dangerous men on the Varsity squad. This may be verified by the following:

S. J. C.4

Dubuque Three-I 3

Cretzmeyer made four runs and four hits (two home runs, a triple and a double).

While at college he played first base and outfield. While Red Faber, his team-mate, was making a record in the box Cretzmeyer was establishing one at the plate as a slugger. He graduated from St. Joseph's College in 1909 with high honors.

Then he entered sime-professional ball. Later he entered professional baseball and played with LaCrosse of the Illinois-Wisconsin league.

In 1913 he returned to St. Joseph College (now Columbia) as baseball coach. He has acted in this capacity since that time. The team under his able coaching has won three Hawk-Eye Conference pennants. To him belongs the honor of developing Murphy, Heuser, Gaynor and Mac-Areavy, four of Columbia's star twirlers.

He has also acted as coach in basketball for the past three years and his team copped two Hawkeye pennants.

Mr. Cretzmeyer is considered by many as one of the best college baseball coaches in the state. We hope that he will remain with us and continue with unlimited success to produce championship teams at Columbia.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

A friend and I went fishing,
It was his first time out;
And he was fondly wishing
He'd catch a mountain trout.

I put the bait upon his hook,
He cast out near a boat;
He kept his eyes upon the brook,
And watched the bobber float.

He gazed and gazed upon his line,
He moved not from the bank;
An deverything was going fine,
Until his good cork sank.

He said, "Have you another set,
For this one is 'the bunk',
I cast it right out near your net,
But now the darn'd thing's sunk."

—John Schroeder, '22.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The College Foreign Mission Unit, under the direction of John Kunkel, rendered a very interesting program in the Auditorium Sunday morning, April 2nd. A lively interest in both home and foreign missions prevails among the students this year. The Christmas collection aggregated some over three hundred dollars and we hope to do better at the Easter collection. We hope that Father Ambrosy will favor us with another pleasing program in the near future.

Edward McPartland is enjoying the week end at the parental home in Cedar Rapids. How did 'ja do it Ed'ard?

"Dick" Horan enjoyed a pleasant over Sunday visit from his father and little brother, Donald. Donald made a great hit with the students and faculty. All these Clermont boys get away big, it seems.

Donald McGeever called for a short visit with his brother, Joseph, Thursday evening.

So far keen interest has been manifest among the students for track. Some have been arising early in order to take a sprint around the track before the regular routine of the day begins. Saturday a number of boys under Father Striegel's direction succeeded in getting the track on Loras Field in condition so that when the call is issued for candidates there will be no further delay.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

(Continued from Last Week.)

The siege of waiting at the station seemed endless to the eager Yvonne; but finally the train arrived and the last farewells were exchanged between father and daughter. Soon the child lost herself among the many passengers in the swiftly moving coach. Onward it travelled, never ceasing, it would seem, in its monotonous task. Through towns and villages it fled on. Then—CRASH!

With a splitting of wood and a snapping of steel, the mighty giant of the rails plunged from the tracks down a steep incline. Screams and shrieks of passengers in mortal agony rent the air. Fire, swept on by a strong wind, began to consume the coaches. Weaker and weaker came the pitiful cries of the dying. Soon the silence of death reigned supreme.

When the wreckage had been cleared away and the bodies of the dead taken aside, rescuers found Yvonne pinned under a beam. On her lips was the same sweet smile that had always been hers, and on her face was a look of serene peace. Clapsed in her hands, and pressed to her lips was a silver crucifix. Near her lay the body of a priest

(Continued on Page Four.)

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Almost every country has its characteristic music and musicians. Germany has its grand and thunderous operas, by Wagner, its Cantatas and oratorios by Handel and its divine Sonatas by Bach. Russia and Poland have their blood-quickenings compositions by Chopin and Rubenstein, Italy its light pieces by Verdi and Mossonette and France has its melodies by Gounod.

But what have we? Who has heard of the return of an American opera to the Metropolitan? What great orchestra has presented an American composition twice? No one has! Why? Is there no talent in America? Are all the masters dead or in Europe?

No, it is not the composers; it is the people. They have been trained to believe that America is a country of business and that there are no masters of art in America—they are all in foreign lands but down in their hearts they know that they are wrong. Everybody falls into step when a band plays a march by Sousa and the country dances to the tune of American music. But an American opera? Oh, no! That could not be! But why not? The talent is here.

What is needed is encouragement. The people should patronize American composers and American musicians. If they do this America may outshine all other countries in music as well as in industry.

—Wm. Hartford, '25.

THE TREASON AGAINST AMERICAN HISTORY.

(Continued from Page Two.)

wholly unlooked-for and undesired separation of the mother from her child is not to bleed forever. Let men say what they will, therefore, I say that as sure as the sun in heaven once shone upon Britons and Americans, united, so surely is it one morning to rise, shine upon, and greet again, the Re-United States, the British-American Union."—Triumphphant Democracy (1893) Page 549.

But to get back to these revised American histories, in the preface of "A History of the United States for Schools", 1919, by A. C. McLaughlin and C. H. Van Tyne, D. Appleton & Co., this statement is made: "We make no apology for the omission of many of the 'yarns' of American history"

Among the "yarns" omitted is the heroic story of Nathan Hale, and, as if in mockery the history of Barnes has a full page of praise for Benedict Arnold.

By leaving out the "yarn" of the Revolution, McLaughlin and Van Tyne explain that they have "secured space for fuller interpretation of really important events". Some of these "Really important events" are; "As the British soldiers who had left Boston at midnight neared Lexington in the early morn-

BOOKS.

In the days of old, books were rare and costly, and our ancestors found great difficulty in procuring them. Our difficulty now is rather what to select. There are, indeed, books and books. "There are books", said Lamb, "that are not books at all". Reading such books is merely wasting time and dissipating one's energy.

Many, I believe, are deterred from attempting the "classic" for fear they may not understand them; but there are few who need make such complaint if they select their books judiciously. Good books are sometimes said to be uninteresting, but to one whose taste is sound such reading matter proves more delightful than the so-called "best sellers". Otherwise, the "classic" could not be called good literature.

In reading, it is important to select subjects in which one is interested. I have often been astonished at the little care people devote to the selection of what they read. Books, we know, are innumerable; our hours for reading are very few. And yet, many people read almost haphazard. They will take any book they chance to find. They will buy a novel if it has an attractive title. Indeed, in some cases they even base their choice on the binding.

Books well chosen are the greatest of treasures; ill chosen, they are at best but a waste of time. What is the chief end that good books aim to accomplish? Their mission is to inspire. It is remarkable how much benefit we may derive from the best books. They are our true friends, our inspiration, and our solace.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—Milton.

Erwin Lussan, '23.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

(Continued from Page Three.)

who, mindful of the salvation of souls to the end, had hurriedly instructed Yvonne in the rudiments of faith, had recited with her the act of contrition, and then taking in his hand the melting snow by the track, had poured water upon her brow, at the same time pronouncing the saving words of baptism. His last act on earth was to place in the maiden's hands the little silver crucifix of his ordination.

Down, down fell the snow, covering earth and wreckage with a downy softness. Slower and slower came the halting breath of Yvonne as she uttered, almost inaudibly, those sacred words, "My Jesus, Mercy."

—Hermitas Ross, '23.

ing of April 19, 1775, Adams and Hancock stole away across the fields"—Page 153.

(Continued next week)

KAMPUS KWIBS.

Question: Why make a Retreat?

I shall offer an answer to this question partly by asking another. Why does every good business man take an invoice of his stock each recurring year? Or again, why does an army commander avail himself of every lull in a battle to replenish his supplies and reinforce the broken ranks? The same reasons that lead the business man to balance his accounts, and much the same reasons that impel the general to look after the needs of his army urge us to "retreat"—"to retire with willing hearts" to the holy and consecrated silence of a Spiritual Retreat.

—A Faculty Member.

We students should be glad of the opportunity that we are about to have—that is to make a Retreat. Because we will find out just how we stand with God. Perhaps this will be the last retreat for many of us, so for this reason we ought to try to make this retreat profitable. Before making the retreat we must consider the many days we give to the pleasures of the world and how few we give to Almighty God. This thought will enable us to spend these three days with God prayerfully and devoutly. And if we do we will benefit a great deal not only on this earth but also in heaven.

—"Pop" Diamond, '23.

After every game in which I have participated, I have always played it over and thought of the good and bad plays that I made. I then resolve to correct the bad plays and keep on making the good ones. So, too, in this great game of life, we must all go over the game at different times and find out whether our good plays have outnumbered the bad ones or otherwise.

—"Skin" Hussey, '23.

In most all Catholic colleges retreats are made at Easter time. It is a very good policy to make a retreat, for by so doing we show a real, true Catholic spirit. It is a good way to end Holy Week because when making a retreat can meditate properly on the suffering and passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

—Lawrence Reifsteck, '24.

We should end the season of Lent in the best way we can, and the best and only way to do that is by making a good retreat. By making a retreat we also show our appreciation to God for the benefits and graces we have received during the school year.

—Clifford Kress, '25.